



Thou art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies;  
And round thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise;  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed;  
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,  
and lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto thy crown;  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
Lord, by thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At thy right hand on high.

*E. L. Toke (1812-1878)*

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